

The Tragedie.

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:

Looke ye my Lord Maior:

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainer of suspect. (traitor

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleue, wert not by great preseruacion
We liue to tell it you? The subtil traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloucester.

Mayor. What, had he so?

Glo. What thinke ye we are Turks or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.

Clo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends
Some what against our meaning haue peruented,
Because my Lord, wee would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same

of Richard the third.

*The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham,
ham, Catesby, with other Nobles.*

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of Buckingham,

Giue me thy hand:

Thus high by thy aduice

And thy assistance is King Richard seated:

But shall we weare these honours for a day?

Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they last.

King. O Buckingham, now I do play the touch,

To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:

Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne.

King. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned liege.

King. Ha: am I King? tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should liue true noble Prince:

Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly performde.

What saist thou? speake suddenly, be brieft.

Buc. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth.

Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, some litle pause my Lord,

Before I positiuely speake herein:

I will resolue your Grace immediatly.

Cat. The King is angry, see, he bites the lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles,

And vnrespectiue boyes, none are for me

That looke into me with considerate eyes:

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. Lord,

King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would